

THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

VOLUME 10.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY: THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1863.

NUMBER 41.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
S. B. SPIDEL.....J. G. STAPLES.
UNDER THE STYLE OF
SPIDEL & STAPLES.

OFFICE:
East side Main Street, Up Stairs, in
the old Postoffice Building.

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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Obituary, Masonic and Odd Fellows' notices charged as other advertisements.

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Deaths, Marriages, and notices of Preaching, briefly announced gratis.

For the Henderson Reporter.

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY.

The telegraph brings the news of another great battle having been fought.—The contest was long and severe. The slaughter was frightful. The casualties were about equal. Ten thousand fell (killed and wounded) on each side, making an aggregate of twenty thousand; and, among them, a number of commissioned officers. The contending armies fought with equal courage and desperation, but, after the most fearful struggle, for many hours, the enemy gave way, and our soldiers gained a glorious victory.—Twenty thousand American citizens have fallen, and a hundred thousand fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children, have lost, each, a father, husband, son or brother. More than a hundred thousand friends of the fallen have clothed themselves in mourning, and thirty thousand hearth-stones are bedewed by the tears of inconsolable mothers, wives and sisters; but the Nation is baptized in the glory of victory, the shekinah of the god of war! Partizans and patriots greet each other with exclamations of glorious news! a great victory! our army triumphant! Mothers, daughters and wives, who have no sons, husbands or brothers among the killed, echo the joyful news, as heartlessly as if it were only twenty thousand serpents killed; and professed christians (God be merciful to them!) meet together to thank God that many thousand souls are hurried into Eternity, from amid the horrible cursings, blasphemies and human butcheries of the battle-field! Ministers of the gospel of the meek and merciful Jesus, lift up their voices in loud thanksgiving to a God, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and hears the cry of the young raven. Great cities are illuminated, and a hundred rounds of cannon are fired, in honor of the victory. Like the little boy, in the old tradition, who shared his bowl of milk and bread with the venomous serpent, admiring, with ecstatic wonder, the brilliant colors of its skin, wholly forgetful of the deadly poison of its fangs, the great public grows wildly enthusiastic over the glory of a victory, wholly forgetting the ten thousand venomous fangs that pierce the hearts of bereft wives and mothers. But turn away, gentle reader, from the baneful passion of party strife, and the false glare of a bloody victory, and enter with me into a few of the desolated homes of the fallen. Here is the stately and comfortable home of Henry Thornby and his wife. They were the parents of but two children. They were both sons, and the youngest was nineteen years of age. From the birth of their children have Mr. and Mrs. T. been laboring for the welfare of their two sons. They cut away the forest, built and adorned their house, beautified their grounds, bought fine paintings and libraries, and invited the visits of many young people, all for the sake of Henry and William. Every fiber of their hearts were knit with those of their sons; and their sons worthily returned their love and confidence. Theirs was a happy family, and, with their well-regulated habits of life, they were likely to live to a good old age. How happy were they in the

thought that their "noble boys" would gladden their hearts, with their filial association, support them in the decline of old age, and finally, wipe the death-damp from their brows and lay them down to rest in the family grave-yard. But honest patriotism called both the sons to the battle-field, and they both fell in the strife, that won that "glorious victory," and the house of their parents is left desolate to them forever. Their anguish is too poignant to be described. Cease your shouting over the victory, christians, and pray for them!

Lizzie Lee was a bright blue eyed, sunny little lassie of seven summers, when her mother "fixed up her basket" and started her to school. She was weeping, from apprehension of ill-treatment at school, when Henry Thornby, three years her senior, and a noble, generous, open-hearted boy, overtook her, carried her basket, and, by a kind, pleasant manner, and lively prattle, he encouraged her little heart to real cheerfulness, by the time they reached school. This incident led to a close friendship between Henry and Lizzie, which continued, uninterrupted, until Henry started off to College, five years afterwards. They parted then, with many tears and vows of remembrance. Henry was four years at College, and then spent almost two years in Europe, before he returned home. But he and Lizzie had kept up a regular correspondence, and had not, for a day, forgotten their early friendship. When they met, they could scarcely recognize each other; but their hearts were old acquaintances. A few evenings after his return from Europe, found them walking together, along the same path in which they had met on their way to school.—Their thoughts simultaneously ran back to that period, and they lived over again the days of their childhood friendship. Their hearts gradually unfolded to each other, and, in the same proportion, flowed together—not by those tumultuous impulses of passion that produce so many unhappy marriages, but by a true and unreserved exposition of their hearts to each other. They were one in heart, and enjoyed a happiness unknown to the passionate worshipers of mere beauty or voluptuousness. He made no love speeches; she made no blushes. When they talked of the future, they took no oaths of fidelity to each other, and made no extravagant vows, but simply and truthfully, engaged to become man and wife.—Lizzie was expecting Henry home, on furlough, to spend a few days with his parents and her, when news of the victory came, and with it the news of Henry's death. I must leave the true-hearted woman to judge what a costly victory it has been to Lizzie Lee.

Robert Lisle and his young wife—for she married at sixteen—had lived together, with all that sweetest bliss that flows from a single hearted youthful love, that binds together husband and wife with ties stronger than death, nearly four years, when he supposed that duty to his country called him to arms. He embraced his wife with the fervor of a young lover, kissed his little boy, two years old, with many fond kisses, and with many words of encouragement, bade them adieu, hoping to return soon, at the close of the war. Poor Mary Lisle, how she has watched and prayed, and hoped that the war would close. What long letters she has written to Robert, about herself and "little Charley!" When she heard of the victory, she hoped that the war would soon end, but a few days bro't the sad intelligence, that Robert had fallen, like a true soldier. Poor woman! God help her to bear it, and live for the fatherless boy! I have given briefly but three cases out of many, many thousands.—How heartless or thoughtless must be the man or woman—much more the christian—that can rejoice over such a victory.—Rather let us say with Pyrrhus: "A few more such victories, and we are all undone." Shall we not appeal to the God of Mercies (rather than of battles) to deliver us from the impending ruin?

Henderson, Ky., May 1863.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.—The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone, to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on, sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone, yes, it dandies cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

The Death of Mark Antony.

I am dying, Egypt! Dying—
Ebb the crimson life tide fast,
And the Dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

Let thine arm, O! Queen, support me—
Hush thy sobs, and lend thine ear—
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou and only thou must hear.

The' my scarred and veteran legions;
Bear their eagles high no more;
Tho' my wrecked and scattered galleys,
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore.

The' no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,—
I must perish like a Roman.—
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minion,
Mock the lion thus laid low;

'Twas no hiring hand that felled him—
'Twas his own that dealt the blow.

Dear! then pillow on thy bosom,
Ere his star shall lose its ray;

His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should' the base, plebian rabble,
Dare assail my fame at Rome;

Where my injured spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.

Seek her—say the Gods have told me,

Augurs—angels—circling wings;

That her blood with mine commingled,

Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian! *

Glorious sorceress of the Nile!

Step the step to Stygian horror,

With the splendors of thy smile.

Give the Caesar crowns and arches,

Let his brow the laurels twine;

I can scorn the senate's triumph,—

Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt! dying—

Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,

They are coming—quick! my falchion,

Let me face them, ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle,

Shall my heart exulting swell;

I am dying Egypt! dying—

Cleopatra! Rome! Farewell!

KENNETH CLYDE'S FIRST LOVE.

BY AMA RANDOLPH.

The hazy veil of Indian Summer lay like a golden mist over the quiet old forests, that sweet November afternoon, as the quick tread of Kenneth Clyde's horse rustled through the fallen leaves that literally carpeted the secluded road. And the young man let the reins fall carelessly on Selim's arched neck, as he looked with a thrill of admiration at the panorama of purple hills that stretched along the clear horizon, like islets floating on a sea of golden air.

"Now, if I were an artist," quoth Kenneth to himself, "I should be worthy of giving my brains how to transfer that lovely sky to canvas—but as I'm nothing of the kind, I can enjoy it without any professional drawbacks." Gently, Selim—gentle, old fellow—that was a sharp turn in the road! Let me see—I shall have plenty of time to reach Whitestone before dark, I think. Wonder what time it is!—only four o'clock, and—"

But the well shaped thought never came to completion in Kenneth Clyde's mind. That very instant in which he glanced at his watch, Selim, terrified by the swift apparition of a velvet-backed rabbit darting across the road, gave a sudden sidelong swerve, and Kenneth Clyde remembered nothing more.

And the shadows stretched longer and longer through the golden aisles of the woods, and the bright-eyed squirrels eyed him suspiciously from their mossy heights, and the birds kept up their low-voiced twittering, while he lay there, stunned and motionless! Ah, Selim, that was an dangerous trick you served your trusting rider!

When he awoke to consciousness, with a dull, heavy throbbing in his head, and a sharp pain in his left arm, he was in a song, low-voiced room, with stars shining in through the red-curtained windows and crackling fire blazing on two gigantic brass fire-dogs, just in front of the broad chintz-covered lounge on which he lay. And clearly outlined against the genial blaze, was a pretty head with braids of hair knotted low at the back, and black-lashed eyes thoughtfully fixed upon the fire.

"I wonder how I came here?" was Kenneth's vague reflection. "I wonder who she is! And I wonder—confound that shooting pain in my arm—I remember it all now."

He uttered a slight groan, as some trivial movement caused him an acute pang of anguish.

"Aunt Patty—he is opening his eyes," said the pretty vision by the fire, springing to her feet, and speaking of him, as though he were not eagerly listening to every word.

"Gracious sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Patty Brewster, trotting nimbly in, with a colossal camphor bottle in one hand and a bowl of sage-tea in the other. "Well, it's a real mercy, ain't it, that you happened to be out arter mosses, and found him in the woods, Mary. Lie still now," she added to Kenneth, who was grimacing violently against the smoking sage tea, "and take your medicine, that's a dear."

"I don't think he likes it, aunt Patty," interposed the young girl.

"Well, it'll do him good," persisted the old dame.

"I'll give it to him, aunty—you see if the doctor ain't coming," said the younger lady, taking the bowl from Mrs. Brewster's hands. Aunt Patty bustled away and Miss Mary quietly turned the contents of the large blue bowl out of the window, her bright eyes brimming with mirth as they met Kenneth's grateful glance.

"Don't you think it has done you good already?" she asked, with admirable gravity.

"I think it has," responded Kenneth solemnly.

And, when Mrs. Patty returned, she nodded approvingly at the empty bowl, remarking that "sage tea was wonderful quietin'".

Kenneth lay there, watching the young girl's graceful motions with languid interest—nay, he found himself observing the very bow of blue ribbon at her throat, and the azure belt that circled her slender waist, and wondered how her hands happened to be so wondrously small and well shaped! To be sure it was none of his business; but then he had nothing else to think of.

It was nearly a month before the doctor would allow him to mount Selim again, for a slight fever followed his fall and exposure; but contrary to his usual custom, our hero took no exceptions to the Esculapian fiat and resigned himself with marvelous philosophy to the seclusion of the sick room! And what came of it all, our readers may glean for themselves from a little conversation that took place the day of Kenneth Clyde's final departure.

He was sitting musingly before the fire, in the clear morning sunshine, when the door opened, and the young lady with the black lashes came in.

"Some letters for you, Kenneth," she said, extending a little hand, freighted with epistolary treasures.

But instead of peacefully possessing himself of the letters, he took hand and all, and gently drew the resisting dame to a seat beside him.

"Sit down there, Mary.—I haven't seen you for a whole hour," he said, with an air of audacious authority.

"Let go my hand, then," said Mary; but he didn't! "Tell me who your letters are from," she added.

"This is from my uncle, Miss Curiosity; he thinks it high time his lingering nephew returned to the halls of his childhood—wishes me to mingle in general society this winter, and—Hal! what's this?—the young heiress he has so often mentioned to me, Miss Vernon, will be in town staying at Mrs. Clerington's—he hopes I will at least enter the lists for this charming prize! By his leave, I shall do nothing of the sort! Don't look at me with such wistful, mournful eyes, dearest! I was wrong to allow you to see the letter, for my uncle knows nothing of the precious treasure I have won among these woods."

"Will you really love the little country girl as truly as ever, in all that atmosphere of wealth and gaiety?" she asked almost sadly.

"Can you doubt me, dear love? What is Miss—Miss What's-her-name to me?

Do you suppose all her money-bags are worth one of your smiles? Nay, there is that doubtful look again! Mary, I wish you would let me take you back as my cherished wife."

"No," she said, quietly; "next Spring will be soon enough. Only, Kenneth, I feel an absolute certainty that you will, sooner or later, marry that heiress!"

"Never!" said Clyde with resolute determination.

It was one of the clearest of January nights—the stars all twinkling in the freezing concave of heaven, and the winds whistling down the gaslighted thoroughfares of New York—when Kenneth Clyde sat reading in the library of his uncle's luxurious dwelling.

"Come, my boy—it's high time we were on route for Mrs. Clerington's," exclaimed a brisk, cheerful voice, and Mr. Jones Clyde entered the room. He stopped short in dismay at the sight of his nephew in dressing-gown and cigar.—

"Not ready yet? what does this mean?"

"I had concluded to remain at home, uncle!" said Kenneth, lazily lifting his handsome eyes.

"Nonsense—pschw!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "Go and dress—it won't take you five minutes, and I'm particularly anxious that you should accompany me this evening. Miss Vernon is to be there, you know!"

"That's the very reason I had wished to remain at home, uncle. I do not wish to become acquainted with the popular heiress."

"And why not, young man, I'd like to know?"

"Because, uncle, all the love I have

to bestow is in the keeping of Mary Tracy;

and, as you wish to introduce me to

Miss Vernon as an aspirant to her hand

and fortune, I think it well to inform you

CITY DRUG STORE

E. B. CROMWELL,

(Successor to Cromwell & Marrs.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

Main Street, Henderson, Ky.

SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR!



OPEN AGAIN

AT THE
OLD POST-OFFICE BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

I HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN THE CITY
with a new stock of

DRY-GOODS,
BOOKS & SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,

CLOTHING,
Bridles and Saddles,
Tinware, Queensware, Hardware and Cutlery,

and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c., &c., which I will sell at the very

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

My Goods have been bought **LOW FOR CASH**, and selected with an eye to the wants of this people, consequently I am enabled to sell at the **VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES**.

Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

October 2, 1863—14

NEW FIRM.

W. S. JOHNSON.

LYNE & JOHNSON,

(Successors to Geo. Lyne.)

BRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

Main Street, Henderson, Ky.



WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK

OF PURE AND FRESH

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND DYE-STUFFS.

COAL OIL of the best quality; **WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, &c.**

Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, Soaps and Toilet Articles; all popular Patent Medicines of the day, amongst which are the celebrated

PLANTATION BITTERS AND PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL:

We have a large stock of Pure Medicinal WINES, BRANDIES and other Liquors, which

were brought in from the Importers several years ago.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS, DAY OR NIGHT.

We are determined to keep **PURE and FRESH** articles, and sell as low as such articles can be furnished elsewhere.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED!

We have an Ointment which is an infallible remedy in the cure of Tetter, Itch and Ring Worm. It is also a certain cure for Scratches on horses.

LYNE & JOHNSON, for scratches on horses and find it more speedy and certain than anything I have before used.

HENDERSON, KY., March 12, 1863.

M. W. HOWARD.

NEW FIRM!

SHINGLE & LATHING MACHINES!

I HAVE at Clegg's Steam Saw Mill two first-class machines of the above kind, and am prepared to fill all orders for either **SHINGLES** or **LATHES** on short notice and at reasonable prices. The very best Shingles and Lathes always kept on hand. Orders solicited.

MILLER CLORE.

HENDERSON, KY., April 9, 1863—14

NEW GOODS!

THE GREAT INDIAN MEDICINE COMPOUNDED FROM

AND LEAVES.



CHEROKEE CURE!

An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Stone in the Bladder, Obstructed and Difficult Menstruation, and all Diseases caused by deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in Self-Pollution.

By the use of this "Cure" all improper discharges are removed, the weakened organs of generation are speedily cured, and full vigor restored.

Either sex contemplating marriage, should reflect that a sound mind and body are necessary to promote conubial happiness.

In the "Cherokee Cure," the poor debilitated, worn down and despairing devotees of sensual pleasure will find relief.

The listless, enervated youth, the over-worn man of business, the victim of nervous depression, the individual suffering from general debility, or from the weakness of a single Organ, will all find immediate and permanent relief from the use of this great Indian Remedy.

To those who have trifled with their constitution, until they think themselves beyond the reach of medical aid, we would say:

Never Despair! The "Cherokee Cure" will relieve you after all Quack Doctors have failed!

It deals with disease as it exists, not only striking at the very seat and removing the cause upon which it depends, but it rebuilds the broken constitution, carrying life and health through every vein and weakened organ.

The "Cherokee Cure" is put up in a high concentrated form—the dose only being from one-half to one teaspoonful three times per day. One bottle rarely fails to effect a permanent cure, no matter how long the disease may have existed.

It is safe and pleasant in taste, but immediate in action! It contains no Mineral Poisons, but is prepared from vegetable extracts, in the form of a delicious syrup.

For particulars, get a Circular free from any Drug Store in the country, or write the Proprietor, who will mail free, to any one desiring the same, a full Treatise in pamphlet form.

Price \$2 per bottle, or three bottles for \$5, and forwarded by Express to all parts of the world.

Sold by respectable Druggists everywhere.

DR. W. B. MERWIN, Proprietor,

No. 6 South Fourth Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Sold in Henderson by Cromwell & Marrs.

Sold in Louisville by Wilson & Peters, Raymond & Tyler, and all responsible Druggists everywhere.

OCT. 7, 1863.

J. S. ENGELS.

Call and see our stock before making your purchases elsewhere.

DALLAM & LIVERS.

HENDERSON, KY., April 23, 1863.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

For every description taken in exchange for

Groceries, at the highest market prices.

OCT. 7, 1863.

B. KOLTINSKY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Sold in Henderson by Cromwell & Marrs.

Sold in Louisville by Wilson & Peters, Raymond & Tyler, and all responsible Druggists everywhere.

OCT. 7, 1863.

J. S. ENGELS.

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DALLAM & LIVERS.

HENDERSON, KY., April 23, 1863.

LOW FOR CASH!

All of which will be sold very

STRAY NOTICE.

ESTRAY UP as a stray by J. R. Biggs, living on the Harrelson's Ferry road thirteen miles from Henderson, a dark bay or brown Mare, fourteen and a half hands high, having the right hind foot white, and no other observed marks. Appraised by me at forty dollars.

May 1st, 1863. H. H. FARMER, J. P.

COMMITTED

TO the jail of Union County, Ky., on the 1st day of March, 1863, a negro

boy called JIM—Black color, about 6 feet high, weight about 175 lbs., 28 years of age; says he belongs to John Litchfield, of Shelby County, Tennessee.

The owner will come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or will be dealt with according to law.

GEORGE PARKER, J. U. C.

April 30, 1863—6m*

LAND FOR SALE!

ONE of the best farms in Henderson County, on the Owensboro road 1½ miles from Zion Meeting-House, containing upwards of 300 acres, 200 acres cleared, is offered for sale.

There is a BRICK DWELLING HOUSE on the place; and all necessary out-houses, almost new and in excellent repair—all well guttered. The land is all under the very best fence.

These are on the place two never-falling wells, one large cistern, and two good stock ponds.

This farm is in the very best repair, and is one of the most desirable in the county.

M. L. HICKS, April 23, 1863.

2½m*

FAMILY FLOUR.

Of the best brands ALWAYS ON HAND.

B. KOLTINSKY.

Call and see our stock before making your purchases elsewhere.

DALLAM & LIVERS.

HENDERSON, KY., April 23, 1863.

LOW FOR CASH!

All of which will be sold very

STRAY NOTICE.

ESTRAYED from the undersigned, living in the neighborhood of Barren Meeting-House, on the 4th inst., one heavy bay Horse, left hind foot white, shod before with shoes with cross-bars from one heel to the other, about six years old, small star in forehead, marked U. S. and C. It will give a liberal reward for the recovery of said horse, or for information that will lead to his recovery.

May 21—3w

J. S. ENGELS.

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DALLAM & LIVERS.

HENDERSON, KY., April 23, 1863.

LOW FOR C

Ladders of Sunbeams.

Ablaze the amber-tinted air
Fall golden rays of morning light,
That reach from darkest depth of earth
To heaven's ser'nest Eden-height.

More real than the ladder seen
By Jacob in his mystic dreams
Are those which scale the sapphire sky,
Fanned by these radiant summer beams.

Upon the airy, golden rounds,
Our yearning thoughts may upward rise,
As rose the angels Jacob saw,
Unto the fields of Paradise.

And bringing back from those high realms
Some floweret of immortal bloom,
Our souls may ever after walk,
Cheered by its heavenly perfume.

Provost Marshals for Kentucky.
Col. James B. Fry, the Provost Marshal General, has announced the following appointments by the President, in conformity with the provisions of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces:

KENTUCKY.—First District—Rowland H. Hall, marshal; Albert Bradshaw, commissioner; H. H. Kidd, surgeon. Second District—John S. McFarland, marshal; N. B. Allen, commissioner; A. Webber, surgeon. Third District—John H. C. Sandige, marshal; James Haggard, commissioner; Bryan R. Young, surgeon. Fourth District—J. T. Alexander, marshal; John B. Cochran, commissioner; Robert B. Wulach, surgeon. Fifth District—George W. Wrenack, marshal; Wm. T. Barrett, commissioner; T. S. Bell, surgeon. Sixth District—George W. Berry, marshal; E. W. Hawkins, commissioner; E. P. Buckner, surgeon. Seventh District—Theodore Moore, marshal; Fitch Minger, commissioner; S. F. Gano, surgeon. Eighth District—Robt' Hays, marshal; Anon L. Wilson, commissioner; J. D. Foster, surgeon. Ninth District—Wm. C. Grier, marshal; Edward F. Dulin, commissioner; L. N. Buford, surgeon.

Maj. W. H. Sidell, of the 15th U. S. infantry, has been detailed to aid the War Department in the arrest of deserters, and in securing uniformity in the execution of the enrollment act in the State of Kentucky, with headquarters at Frankfort.

Queer Story.

The Newcastle Chronicle is responsible for the following: A few nights ago, about half past ten o'clock, Mr. ——, walking along a well-known street in a neighboring town, was suddenly accosted by a messenger as follows: "I am Mr. ——, [the name is omitted, but the gentleman is a Dissenting minister,] a female has just been to my house in great consternation. Passing by the shed in the field over the way, she heard distinctly groans issuing from the hovel, proceeding doubtless from some poor person who is, perhaps, lingering in the agonies of death from violence, after having been robbed; or it may be the individual has committed suicide. We must go, my friend, and investigate the affair. A fellow-creature is in distress, and we are bound, as Christians, to give a helping hand. I have sent Mrs. ——," added the reverend gentleman, "to fetch her husband, and also to bring a lantern with her." Mr. —— and the gentleman proceeded to the spot, and distinctly heard the groans in the hovel. At this moment a policeman came up. "You are just the man we want," exclaimed Mr. ——. "A human being lies groaning in that shed; without help. Policeman, it is a dreadful occurrence, and must be investigated." At this juncture the husband of the discoverer of the tragedy made his appearance with a lantern. The doughty "blue-bottle," however, required no assistance, but instantly climbed over the fence into the field. "Take care, policeman," said the reverend gentleman, "otherwise you may be roughly handled." The arm of the law headed not the caption, but at once dashed into the shed, staff in hand, resolving to know what was what, or perish in the attempt. "What is it?" "What is it?" exclaimed all. "Be cautious, or the consequences may be serious. "What is it?" There was another groan, deeper than ever, and the bystanders shuddered. "Pigs, pigs!" shouted the Bobby. The mystery was solved. Poor piggies, after a hearty supper, were restless, and were grumbling. The bipeds soon vanished.

Concerning the Prosperity of Fools.

I have always maintained that the one important phenomenon presented by modern society is the enormous prosperity of fools. Show me an individual fool, and I will show you an aggregate society which gives that highly favored personage nine chances out of ten, and judges the tenth to the wisest man in existence. Look where you will, in every high place there sits an ass, settled beyond the reach of all the great intellects of this world to pull him down. Here is the perfectly hopeless booby Frank; he has never done anything in his life to help himself, and, as a necessary consequence, society is in a conspiracy to carry him to the top of the tree. He has hardly had time to throw away that chance you gave him, before this letter comes and puts the ball at his foot for the second time. My rich cousin (who is intellectually fit to be at the tail of the family, and who is, therefore, as a matter of course, at the head of it,) has been good enough to remember my existence, and has offered his influence to serve my eldest boy. Read this letter, and then observe the sequence of events. My rich cousin is a booby who thrives on politics, who knows of a third booby who thrives on commerce, who can do something for a fourth booby thriving at present on nothing, whose name is Frank; so the mill goes. So the cream of all human rewards is supped in endless succession by the fools. —[WILKIE COLLINS.]

A HERO OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.—Many years ago, I met with a Frenchman who had been an active, if subordinate, ministrant in the Reign of Terror. In Petiot's Collection of Papers illustrative of that period, we find him warmly commended to Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to sacrifice on the altar of his country as many hecatombs of fellow-countrymen as the Goddess of Reason might require. When I saw this ex-official of the tribunal of blood, which was in a London drawing-room, where his antecedents were not generally known; he was a very polite grey-haired gentleman of the old school of manners, addicted, like Cardinal Richelieu and Warren Hastings to the composition of harmless verses. I have seldom met with one who more instantaneously charmed a social circle by his rapid and instinctive sympathy with the humors of all around him—gay with the gay, serious with the serious, easy with the young, caressingly respectful to the old. Fascinated by the charm of his address, fine lady whispered to me, "This, indeed, is that exquisite French manner of which we have heard so much and seen so little.—Nothing now-a-days like the polish of the old regime." —Sir E. B. Lytton in Blackwood's Magazine.

"THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS.—We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man's life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear.—A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity though his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintances start at sudden alteration—hunting, in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates—church-yard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose!"

"I love the music of a thunder-storm. To hear the rushing and roaring of the wind, and the reverberating of the thunder among the hills, until it gradually dies away in the distance, is a species of enjoyment peculiar to but few. There is, too, a beauty in the forked lightning, and music in the crashing report. And yet, how awful! How terror-stricken when the powerful and resistless elements are thus at war—when the lightning cometh from the East and shineth even unto the West, and before the eye has recovered from its dazzling brightness, the unexplained explosion follows, stunning the ear as much as the momentary flash blinded the eye. How rebuked and fearful does every created being gaze towards the Heavens, and ejaculate at least a mental 'God save me!' But after all, what can be more truly sublime than a magnificient thunder-storm—when the clouds are madly careering midway between earth and sky?—the vivid lightning darting forth from the black and looming cloud, accompanied by a report more terrible than anything we can imagine,—all nature in convulsions, and shaking to her very centre.

"What a curse is debt! No man is or can be truly and entirely free in thought, word, and action, who is its victim. It is, without doubt, the greatest of all the evils which escaped from Pandora's box upon the world. It is deadlier than the cell of the Inquisition—it chains both the soul and body. Like a shadow, it meets a man at every corner. Aye, even closer than a shadow is its companionship, for, sunshine or shade, it never leaves him. It is a tormentor which gives to the unhappy prisoner no rest. Only the most superhuman exertions can ever weaken, much less break and throw off the chains with which it is ever loading its captive; and nothing but its total and complete annihilation can secure you from the baleful presence of the stony-eyed and merciless captor.

RATHER TOO CAREFUL.—The *Independent* says: "The loss sustained by hoarding up money has been exemplified at Ostend. A respectable woman, aged eighty-three, feeling her end approach, called her son to her and told him to look in a certain place where he would find a bag containing a sum of money, which belonged to him, and which she advised him to make good use of. She had, she said, laid it by for him in 1820, on the day of his first communion. The son found in the bag 671 Dutch 10-florin pieces (about 14,000f.). Had the old lady placed the sum out at compound interest, her son would now have had a fortune of more than 100,000f."

Three Sioux spies in Minnesota, were captured by a party of Winnebagos braves on the 7th. The Winnebagos cut out their hearts, chopped their bodies into small pieces, and distributed them among the tribe, and had a grand war-dance; and now have formally declared war against the Sioux.

We saw the other day an old continental bill stuck up in a store, with the following adaptation, from a well-known epithet appended to it:

"Stop, Greenback, stop, as you pass by;

As I am now so once was I;

Depreciate and follow me."

DAMPED ARDON.—Jerold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerold, telling the story many years after, said: "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us." —[WILKIE COLLINS.]

A Country girl was spilt from a wagon at Columbus, Ohio, and had all her finery mussed and dirtied, and lay for some time insensible. Her first tremulous exclamation on recovering was: "I hope there are no editors in sight."

"Well I suppose you have been out to Texas—did you see anything of your old friend Jim out there?" Yes he's gone deranged!" "How! what does he do? real crazy?" "Yes indeed, he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbors."

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up "Drew's Essays on Books," which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoe-making sell."

"THE RELIGION OR SHOW.—There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear."

TAKE NOTICE!
ALL persons knowing, or not knowing themselves indebted to us, by note or account, are earnestly invited to call at our house on Mill street and settle the same. By doing so they will do some service to themselves and more to us.

In the future all our business will be conducted on a strictly GASH basis. We have found MARCH settlements to be a HUMBUG.

Respectfully,
T. M. JENKINS & CO.

HENDERSON, KY., April 2, 1862.

HENDERSON Female COLLEGE!
H. B. PARSONS, A. M.,
PRESIDENT.

THIS institution will commence its third session of ten months on Monday, September 1st, 1862.

The following lists will represent charges for the respective branches taught in this institution:

Academical branches, including the entire Mathematical course, \$50.00
Latin, 20.00
Greek, 20.00
French, 20.00
Students taking the entire Collegiate course, 70.00

The above has reference to a session of ten months.

Proper deductions will be made in case of protracted illness on the part of pupils.

Each Student will be charged \$1 for incidental expenses.

HENDERSON, June 26, 1862.—y

PUBLIC ATTENTION!



I. RITTENBERG

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends,

and the public he has a newly invented

PANTOSCOPIC SPECTACLES,

on newly discovered principles, by which the numerous inconveniences of the Spectacles now in use are entirely avoided, and every advantage secured which these articles can possibly afford in assisting the sight. In addition to that I have on hand the

BRAZILIAN PEBBLE SPECTACLE.

They are made on a scientific principle.

FIELD GLASSES FOR THE ARMY,

Superior to all others now in use.

Marine Spy-glasses, Compound and Simple Microscopes, Opera and Hunting Glasses, Spy-glasses, Eye Glasses, Tortoiseshell, Steel and Gold Frames.

Near-sighted and Cataract Spectacles.

The above mentioned articles are always kept on hand, and can be had of J. RITTENBERG, No. 67 Main Street, Evansville, Ind. November 27, 1862.—y

H. F. TURNER,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR at Law

HENDERSON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Henderson and Daviess counties, Kentucky.

Office—One door below Hillier's Book-Store, up stairs.

Feb. 12, 1863

J. F. CLAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in the courts of Henderson and adjoining counties.

Office—One door below Hillier's Book-Store, up stairs.

Feb. 12, 1863

NOTICE.

LDGED in jail in the town of Morganfield, Union county, Ky., on the 13th January, 1863, as a runaway, negro man, 5 feet 9 inches high, weighs about 160 lbs, dark complexion, and about 40 years old; says his name is SIGHTS, and belongs to Mrs. Martha Austin, Tipton county, Tennessee. The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, or else said slave will be dealt with according to law.

W. M. MAGUIRE,
Jailor, Upton Co.

Lewis Zeller,
Fashionable Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon,

Main St., two doors below the Postoffice,

HENDERSON, KY.

WILL take great pleasure in serving his friends and the public generally in his line in a satisfactory manner. The Shop has recently been refitted in a fashionable manner, and patronage is respectfully solicited.

January 18, 1862

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

MY stock of Liquors is very large, consisting of fine French Brandies, imported direct from Europe; Apple and Peach Brandy, Catawba, Madeira, Blackberry and Raspberry Brandy; Holland Gin, Rum, Bourbon and Rye Whisky; Port and Sherry Wine, Rhine Wine, Bitters.

The attention of country merchants is especially called to this branch of my business.

Oct. 2, 1862.

B. KOLTINSKY.

HENDERSON, KY.

G. BEVERLEY.

HENDERSON, March 19, 1862.

Having sold my stock of Groceries to Messrs. Norris & Starling, I cheerfully recommend them to my old patrons and friends, and solicit for them the patronage so liberally bestowed on me.

In retiring from the Grocery business, I return thanks to the community for the patronage I have received through many years, and ask those having unsettled business to call and see me, as I am anxious to close up my business.

R. G. BEVERLEY.

HENDERSON, KY.

Feb. 8th, 1862.—y

STILL OPEN!

—

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

GROCERIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

—

B. KOLTINSKY,

WHOLE ALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

GROCERIES

—

Groceries and Liquors!

—

At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street,

HENDERSON, KY.

CHEAPEST MART

IN THE CITY!

—

N. H. BARNARD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, CRATES,

CASTINGS, HOLLOW WARE,

TIN, COPPER

AND Sheet-Iron Ware,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

—

H. B. PARSONS, A. M.,

PRESIDENT.

—

W. H. BARNARD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in